Driven From Sea to Sea;

Or, JUST A CAMPIN'.

BY C. C. POST. PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF J. E. DOWNEY & Co., PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO.

CHAPTER XI.-CONTINUED. a betrayal of such confidences generally

those who were by nature bad. Be these things as they may, those subject. who are themselves free from guile ever were, and ever will be, slow to suspect evil of others and consequently reads. evil of others, and consequently ready greatly surprised at seeing him. They "what do you s'pose makes 'Ras hate to receive and treat as friends all who knew him to be in the neighborhood, him so? Do you know that if he were have the outward appearance of respect- and perhaps others besides Erastus sus- not half in love with Julia Ennis I ability and goodness. And what com- pected that his appearance at the picnic should think him jealous of you. Why, pany of young ladies ever failed to look | was not purely accidental. with favor, more or less skillfully concealed, upon the entrance into their cir- haps more pleased at his coming than festivities. And if the gentlemen were pleasant company, and hoped he would at all disposed to be jealous of one whose wealth or knowledge of the world their occasional pastimes during the

selves prove his superiority over them. freely with all was made easy, and right was gentlemanly, and appeared to her well he improved it. He danced not only with Lucy and Jennie Parsons, what mother was ever offended that a miserable as I can be and it's all his but with a dozen others; but he sought young man of wealth and standing in Lucy for a partner oftenest, and when society saw attractions in her daughter could be until he came.' they went for another sail upon the lake which he did not see in the daughters he was still at her side, and would have of others? been pleased to have rowed with her Mr. Annelsey was given a cordial inalone, but he was unaccustomed to the vitation to remain to tea; an invitation use of the oars, besides which he feared which he was not slow in accepting, that she might refuse him, and so con- and so met Mr. Parsons and Erastus, tented himself with keeping as near to both of whom treated him courteously, her as possible in a boat in which were though the greeting of the younger a half-dozen others.

Erastus noticed Annelsev's evident

Whether it were true or not, he be- had departed. lieved that the New Yorker had learned of the picnic and came purposely to re-new his acquaintance with her; and although he did not acknowledge to himsister, he yet did not like this stranger with his stylish clothes, his gold watch and chain, and other evidences of thought he saw, that Lucy was pleased Annelsey from the States had plunged down one of the precipices he was so fond of mentioning as among the dangers he had escaped.

wet the plush hunting suit which made him so noticeable among his more plainly dressed fellows.

"As if we had never seen any grand would not have known that the scenery was grand and wonderful if somebody had not pointed it out to him.

Then again he pictured his rival as shrinking back and covering his eyes lest his head be turned at sight of this magnificent scenery-this almost bothis train wound, by describing which he fancied the New Yorker was seeking to tomless abyss, upon the edge of which draw attention to himself. He tried. to Annelsey's presence, or attention to portion of the time at all these gather-Lucy, by avoiding her and paying court to Julia Ennis, the daughter of a neighbor who had lately come among them. Neither was Erastus the only one who was inclined to look upon the stranger as an interloper, for Lucy Parsons was a favorite with the young men of the neighborhood. Her fresh young face and lively mien, as well as her kindly nature, attracted to her all with whom she came in contact. a bit of color at her throat, with her clear complexion rendered more beautiful by the few months of comparative other girls, whose cheeks and arms were tanned by exposure to the wind and sun and in the labor of the household, and may be the vineyard, it is no wonder that she attracted univeral their acquaintance.

When the party broke up and the revfor the homeward ride Erastus noticed at her father's residence, Lucy fancied Annelsey press close to Lucy and speak | that he did, and she treated Julia. when blush, but could only judge from An-nelsey's demeanor that Lucy's words, which she thought existed between her whatever they were, had not been unpleasant to him.

When they were mounted and on the point of starting, some one remarked inquired of Annelsey regarding him, to Mr. Annelsey that if he was intending to return to the mining camp that to know, little about him. Ensign was night he would have to ride late; to still in the employ of the company, he which he replied that he should camp thought; perhaps swinging a pick in on the spot where they were and spend another day, possibly several of them, flume. Having nothing to do with the

The homeward ride of the merry- workmen, Mr. Annelsey could, he said, makers was made at such paces as suit- tell nothing further about him. ed the fancy of each. A dozen of the young people only retained each other's company during the entire distance.

Whether Mrs. Parsons was pleased at the frequency of Mr. Annelsey's visits or not it would have been hard to tell. The others lagged behind, and then She treated him courteously, and apdropped off into couples, and so rode peared to throw no obstacles in the way twilight-a twilight which was first noticed the dislike which Erastus evinced golden and then purple, gradually at his presence she held her peace and changing into darkness not so great as said nothing. to make traveling dangerous or diffi- As for her husband, he looked for his cult, but dark enough to set the crick- coming with a fever sh impatience growets to chirping; dark enough to hide ing out of the desire he had fo news the blush of a maiden whose lover was from the mining camp, which now tempted to tell again the story first told overshadowed every other thought, and in the Garden of Eden, and retold by caused him to entirely forget that the every generation since; too dark to en- young man had any purpose in visiting able them to see the night-birds that them except to bring the desired informacalled to each other from the roadside until frightened into taking wing by the at Gravel Hill, as the cluster of shanties near approach of the riders.

CHAPTER XII. COURTSHIP.

The second day after the picnic Mr. made for their departure. Annelsey called at the Parsons cottage, "I almost wish we were not going daily engaged in vending them, not to and was met at the door by Lucy and back," said Jennie, as they were pack-Invited into the sitting-room. Her de- ing, "we have had such a pleasant sum- their preparation.

Fron County Register | meanor showed clearly that his coming was not unexpected, but whether it so much before in all my life, and I swfully hate to go back into those awfully hate to go back into those rassment would not have been so easy to determine.

Mr. Annelsey himself had no doubt of parting at the lake that he might call. and was she not blushing and embarrassed now? What better proof could he desire that she was pleased and flattered by his attentions?

None, he thought, and he was corre

It may be, too, that a knowledge that asked permission to call on her, but had a betrayal of such confidences generally met a punishment as swift as it was see met a punishment as swift as it was secoming, had deferred speaking of it, hoping some opportunity would arise

New York and catch a millionaire, too, without herself having to introduce the may be. Did he ever say anything

Although the young man had called especially to see Lucy, Jennie was per- him, or anything?" cle of a young gentleman whose appear- her sister, or than any other member of ance gave promise that he would at the family. She liked him exactly as least be an agreeable partner for their she liked other young men who were and the ways of polite society might summer; and she had none of Lucy's give him an advantage over them in the feelings of being made conspicuous by eyes of their lady-loves, they still could having been selected as an object of not act the part of boors and thus them- especial attention by him.

And so Annelsey's way to mingle objectionable in the young man. He

man was certainly not excessive in its cordiality; and who, as soon as the meal preference for Lucy, and was ill at was over, made an excuse to leave the fidants of each other regarding any of

On the other hand, Mr. Parsons was pleased that he had called, and showed He wanted to see him. He wanted learn how the work at the self that he loved Lucy other than as a mine was getting on and how they would probably be soon ready to turn on the water and begin washing down the hills, and his manner wealth and position, to be crowding in was such as to still further imbue Anbetween them; and when he saw, or nelsey with the idea that he was held in high favor and that Lucy and her rival, as he now began to regard him, parents felt honored by his attentions. In reply to Mr. Parsons' questions he he became actually jealous, and half wished that the train which had brought which was to conduct the water to the reservoir was progressing rapidly-a portion of it over two miles long having been completed; that the remaining mile would be finished by the time the Then realizing the awfulness of the tunnel and the sluice for carrying away thought, he amended it to wishing An- the debris and saving the gold would be nelsey might fall into the water and ready, which would probably be in about three months, and that then they would be ready for active operations.

Not wishing to wear his welcome out, he declined an invitation to remain at scenery," he said, mentally, when An- the cottage over night and returned to nelsey was describing some of the his camp by the lake, where his guide scenes on the line of the road which he awaited him, and on the following day had passed over. And then he tried to again took possession of the quarters make himself believe that Annelsey assigned him at the mining camp, which already aspired to be called a town, a number of clapboard shanties and a lodging house with the usual bar-room attachment having been erected.

It was not long before he was again at the Parsons cottage; and soon it came to be expected that he would making in the neighborhood. If he did not always escort Lucy he spent a great ings in her company, and her companions were constantly reminding her in a laughing way that she had captured the young New Yorker, whom rumor asserted was heir to a million or two.

All this was a source of great annoyance to Erastus, and at times caused him to appear less gracious, both towards Mr. Annelsey and others, than was usual with him. With Lucy his mood was changeable, depending a And to-day, dressed all in white except great deal upon the frequency of his rival's visits.

If a week or more elapsed without a call from Annelsey, Erastus resumed close continement at school, showing his cheerful appearance and was selyet more plainly in contrast with the dom from home, spending much of his spare time in the house, where he laughed and joked with the girls in the old time way; but the appearance of Annelsey was the signal for a return of silence on his part, and, unless there homage, and that more than one of the was a gathering of the young folks little company wished that Annelsey from which his absence might provoke would return to the city whence he comment, he remained as little in the came and leave them to contend among company of the members of the family themselves for the favor of the most as possible, making an excuse of a press beautiful maiden in all the circle of of work on the ranch, or of an appointment with some of his gentleman friends to spend the evening out. If he did elers were about to mount their horses | not, on such occasions, visit Julia Ennis to her in a low tone. He also saw Lucy they met, with much cordiality and ap-

and Erastus. Of Mr. Ensign the family saw nothing. Once or twice some member had the tunnel; or may be at work on the in fishing and hunting in the vicinity. accounts or directing the labors of the

homeward over the dusky hills in the of his attention to her daughter. If she

at the mines had been named. So the summer passed, and again the time approached when the girls were to return to school, and preparations were

dusty, fusty little rooms in the city and poring over a lot of books that appear to have been made on purpose to puzzle it, however. Had she not told him on one's brains without any corresponding benefit to come of it. I'd ever so much rather stay at home and help mother take care of the house and the poultry, and go to a party once in a while.
"I wonder what Mr. Annelsey will

None, he thought, and he was corre-spondingly elated and became really "Do you know, Luce, I believe he is entertaining in relating his experience dead in love with you? And he is getin camping at the lake and at the mine ting further and further in every day —an experience which to him possessed all the pleasure of novelty.

Lucy had intended to tell her mother

ting further and further in every day he lives. Here twice last week. He couldn't more than have got home from the first visit before he turned right and Jennie that Mr. Annelsey had round and came back again. Mrs. Lucy about coming to see you when we get

"Say," she rattled on, without wait-Lucy, what is the matter? Didn't Mr. Annelsey ask you to correspond with

"Yes,-he-he-did, and-and I wish he hadn't," sobbed Lucy, putting both hands to her face and burying it in her lap as she sat on the floor in front of her open trunk.

"I wish I had never seen him," she continued, between sobs. "I wish he would go back to New York and never let me see or hear from him again. I never spent so miserable a summer in my whole life, never; and it's all because of him; and I know poor pa is worried to death for fear the mine will wash down upon the ranch and cover fault. We were just as happy as we

Jennie was at a loss to understand this outbreak of Lucy's. She had supposed her not indifferent to Mr. Annelsey's attentions; had thought, in fact, that she was more in love with him than she ever had been with any of her other admirers. She had come to this conclusion because Lucy had avoided talking about him when they were alone: and always before they had made conhouse and did not return until Annelsey the young men who occasionally escorted them to a dance or picnic when at home or to a lecture or the theater when in the city.

No one who knew the sisters or saw them together even for an hour could doubt their affection for each other; and Jennie, believing that Lucy really loved Mr. Annelsey, had more than once caught herself drawing mental pictures of her as his wife, surrounded with all the luxuries which wealth could purchase; supplementing it with another picture in which she saw herself appearing at one of the grand entertainments which Lucy and her husband would give in her home, and being introduced to society as the "sister of Mrs. Annelsey, who had come from California to spend the winter.

It never occurred to her that Lucy could be in love with anybody else, and now she fancied that some slight misunderstanding had arisen between them, and that Lucy was troubled for fear that Annelsey would not write or would not seek her out when he came to San Francisco. She felt sure he would come to the city soon, for there was nothing to necessitate his staying at the mines, which would not be a very inviting place for a young man of leisure when the rains set in and rendered hunting and fishing impossible for weeks at a time.

"Never mind," she said, making an effort to comfort her sister. 'It will come out all right in the end. The course of true love never did run smooth, vou know.'

This thought seemed to comfort Lucy, and something very like a smile played for a moment about her mouth and among the dimples in her cheeks. Jennie did not see the smile, for her sister's face was buried in her apron; but she noticed that the sobbing cea-ed and was strengthened in her belief regarding Lucy's feelings for Mr. Annelsey, and, wishing to comfort her still further, she continued:

"Father has been driven off of so many pieces of land that I do not wonder he is afraid something will happen him again, though I don't suppose there is any danger that this place will be overflowed by the debris from the mines. I can't see how it can be when they are twenty miles away. Mr. Annelsey says there isn't. And if it should happen, of course the company would pay the damages, especially if you and His arrows flashing swiftly through skewered James were married.

Instead of comforting Lucy, this set

her crying harder than ever. Jennie could not understand her sister's mood, and did not know what to do or say to soothe her; and hearing their mother calling them from the kitchen, she stooped and kissed Lucy's hair, where she sat, and went down to assist in getting the evening meal, telling their mother that Lucy would be down in a few moments, but saying nothing about having left her in tears. When her sister had gone, Lucy gave way to her feelings, and cried and sobbed until her whole form shook with the violence of her emotions. Her excitement having worn itself out

a little, she raised her head and wiped her eyes with her apron. "I believe they are selling me to him," she said, under her breath: "selling me to him because he is rich and can help them in case father gets into difficulty with the mining company; and Erastus is letting them do it.

Again her face went down upon her lap, and the sobs broke forth afresh. By and by she lifted her head again, and finally rose and bathed her face

"Poor father," she was saving to herself, "I know what the thought of losing this place must mean to him. He has been driven off of so many and he is getting old now, both he and mother. If they were to lose this home they would feel as if there was no place left in the world for them to go to, and if I can save them I ought to be willing to do it; and if Erastus marries Julia Ennis, I shall not care what becomes of

me anyway. Then she began crying once more, but more quietly than before. When she went down to supper the family noticed that her eves were red, always had crying spells for a day or two previous to leaving home for

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

-Sandwiches are a great staple in London. Forty thousand women see A RINK WRINKLE.

He was a roller-rinker, and they uttered in his That he bounced upon his cranium in a hundred novel ways; While she, a belle skatorial, could execute with The circles and the triangles, the scallops and

He was gliding at an angle when her figure met his eye— loving glance she flashed him then h caught upon the fly;
By the way, her eyes were amber, and her
frizzes in their curls
Would have paralyzed with envy half a thou-



And those gland se glances in his bosom their destrue For they pierced his heart like gimlets, and to prove his feelings fied. His pedals rose enraptured, and he stood upon

So with her: she felt instanter that her fate in him was found, Her heart, her head, her boot-heels like love's cart-wheels whirling 'round; So with gracefullest confusion-as a blush illumed her face—
With a pigeon-wing she tumbled into "Chawley's" glad embrace.

Then, in their new-born rapture, they flew along the floor With such rapid evolutions as were never seen before, And as each novel figure was thus conceived and found, Sly Cupid in those tangles their quivering



Away they dashed with ardor in half a million While slower mortals watched them in stupe-But little knew the watchers that Cupid set

I need not say he whispered, you know how While from her veiled eyewinkers the witch-ing little elf Fired darts of ardent lightning, electric in their charms, And nestled like a partridge within her lover's

They curved in crazy waltzes, they spun i dizzy reels.

They whirled like great teetotums upon their twinkling he flinched,
The rivet love inserted was driven deep and of an old French sword; the blade is of paradisaic orchards, flavored with

Twas geometric courting on wheels high polished sped; They trotted to the preacher's that very eve. and wed: But knowing well that rollers supply the miss-ing link, They every eve go whirling adown the roller

You say: "Twas wondrous sudden, engaged so short awhile?" Why, bless your simple wonder, that's just the "And then 'twas very cranky such hasty things to do?" Of course it was; but bless you, that's rinker's

"You doubt if they'll be happy through but a score of days?"
Oh, well, that matters little in roller rinker's "They should have thought about it?" Why, dear, they never think; It's heels, not heads, that govern the modern I simply give the outlines, and just as simply



No more shall Cupid's glances from rosebud ambush wink, Or valentines enshrine him in love-notes soft He carries on his business, his wings ex-

-I. Edgar Jones, in Judge.

The Widower Danced and His Partner A gentleman living in a village not a weeks ago. Recently, so the story goes, he attended a dance and mingled in the merry mazes of the waltz so long as the man who wielded the baton invoked sweet ner, who never trips the light fantastic, was present as a spectator merely. During the evening a lady said to the latter: "Why,

Mr. --, don't you ever dance?" "Oh, yes,

some times," was the reply, "but out of respect to the memory of the wife of my part-

ner, lately deceased, I am denying myself

that pleasure on this occasion."-Erie Dis-A Welcome Visitor. "Tell your mother that I am coming to see her soon," said a lady on Austin avenue to Mrs. Sniverly's little boy, who was playing in front of the gate. "I am glad you are comin' and ma will be glad to see you, too." "How do you know she will be glad to see me?" asked the lady. "Because I heard her say yesterday she would be glad

The Family Represented. Jones (at the circus)-Hello, Smith, you

to see somebody who didn't come here to

collect a bill."-Texas Siftings.

Smith -Yes, I had to come to take care of my little boy. Jones-Where's the boy? Smith-He was taken sick at the last moment and couldn't come.-N. Y. Trib-

A Fashionable Boarding-House fourth floor back, "fashionable people?"
"Yes, indeed," she replied. "Some the biggest bugs in town board with me."-Detroit Free Press.

What He Will Do.

Wife (emphatically)-"That dog of Smith's across the way bit mother again this morning, and I want to know what you propose to do about it?"
Husband (brutally)—"I think I will buy the dog."-Chicago Tribune.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

-Little girls in India wear gold rings in their noses. -Lord Salisbury is the first Prime Minister the Queen of England has had younger than herself.

the Vale of Cashmere contained 800,- N. Y. Commercial Advertiser. 000 persons, and at present its population is not over 200,000. -A committee of the British Medi-

cal Association is collecting information concerning the experience and habits of per-ons who have attained the age of eighty or over.

-At the seventy-fifth annual meet-2,132 volumes of the works of Swedenborg had been sold, and 2,844 volumes presented, during the year. -The bronze with which the statue of Gambetta will be cast is formed of

Chinese cannon captured by General Palikao in 1860. The officer of Napoleon III. never imagined that he was supplying the material for the glorification of the man who was destined to overthrow the emp re. -Two Irishmen named Moore, living at Cavan in the greatest poverty.

have suddenly found themselves possessed of a large fortune. It seems that their half-brother emigrated to Buenos Ayres some forty years ago, and has just died leaving £450,000, three-fourths of which he has bequeathed to his brothers, after deducting some trifling legacies. -It has been discovered by an enthusiastic statistician, who is said to

have devoted some sixteen weeks of re-search in order to make the calcula-even to take the trouble to turn upon tion, that Mr. Gladstone's political ut- their beds of roses to eat and drink; terances since he first spoke in the for exquisite beings, blessed with House of Commons up to July, 1883, represent fourteen miles of print, and at their side to offer them all since then 700 yards have been further they want before they can even ask for added to this exuberant verbosity.

-The old town hall of Vienna, which has been abandoned for the new pal- rise to them. They are never to grow ace on the Ring, is to be demolished. older than the prime of manhood, and, The old building was refronted in the last century, so that it looks modern, but many parts of it date from the thirteenth century, and it has been identified with all the histor cals events in the annals of Vienna for more than six

hundred years. -Many have attempted to scale Cotopaxi, the loftiest of active volcanoes, but the walls are so steep and the snow is so deep that ascent is impossible, even with scaling ladders. On the south side of Cotopaxi is a great rock, more than two thousand feet h gh, called the "Inca's Head." Tradition says that it was once the summit And gave to each gyration its perfectness and of the volcano, and fell on the day when Atahuallpa was strangled by the Spaniards. Those who have seen Vesuvins can judge of the grandeur of Cotopaxi if they can imagine a volcano 15,-000 feet higher, shooting forth its fire from a crest covered by 3,000 feet of snow, with a voice that has been heard

-The sword of honor which the Emperor of Russia has presented to General Komaroff is described as being a from orange to grape, and so on barries magnificent weapon. Its shape is that through all the pippins and berries made of Damascene steel; the scabbard as well as the hilt is of gold; between miracles with, such as tempted Eve, the chased ornaments on both sides of the scabbard there are rows of jewels, knew of, as the pilgrims found in the and at the upper end of the sword there are clusters of six or seven large desses have striven for—the apples of diamonds. At the lower part of the bliss and immortality. The houris, scabbard are engraved the words "For too-"the dark-eyed maids above"valor," also surrounded by precious stones. Further ornaments in the shape of roses formed of jewels are set in different places.

EXECUTED AT SEA.

How Young Spencer and Two Other Sail-John W. Davis, of Philadelphia, relating the story of the execution of Then, to think of it, superadded to all young Spencer to a Philadelphia Times this, the perpetual coolness of thick reporter, says:

"I knew Spencer, the midshipman. well. He was a wild, dare-dev I sort of fellow, about nineteen years of age, but good-natured and not mal ciously inclined. I think the execution of all the men was a grave m stake, and in from the tyranny of petty masters to looking back at it now I believe that it fall under the unrelaxing despotism of was foul murder.

was suddenly seized one day, put in double irons and kept a prisoner in close confinement. Two other men, the boatswain's mate, who was acting as boatswain, and whose name was Cromwell, and a seaman, who was Captain of the main top, named Small, were arrested a day or two afterward, followed by the arrest of four others. All were put in double irons. We had no marine guard thousand miles from Erie, and not alto- on board. The officers appeared to be see opening for them. In front the gether unknown here, buried his wife a few frightened to death about something. and the men of the ship's company were afraid to be seen talking to each a plot to seize the ship, along with a silk, the shimmer of golden ornaments. strains from the fiddle. His business part- few of the ship's crew, and turn into a piratical craft. Among others, he communicated his plan to the purser's steward, who got a list of the conspirators, and told the whole story to Lieutenant McIntosh, the executive officer. "Two or three days after the arrests

a number of the officers met in the ward-room and called in a number of the ship's crew and examined them. The statements and even the opinions of each witness were taken down, but pearls "the maids." the accused men were not allowed to face their accusers, were not told what gether, or in small parties, or even the charges were in detail and were not granted any opportunity for expla- to paradise." Out from the bush and nat on or defense. On December 1st, from behind rocks they came on, one four days after Spencer's arrest, he, against a hundred, dancing and shoutalong with Cromwell and Small, were told to get ready to die; that they were going to swing at the yardarm at once. Spencer and the capta n of the top acknowledged their guilt and were will- spears home before they went down knowledged their guilt and were will- before the bullets, all the greater was ing to die; but the acting boatswain protested his innocence to the the gain, all the larger was the fullness last, and Spencer declared also that of eternal bliss. The ship's company sullenly ranged the men died game. Commander to throw it away. "Allah's will be Mackenzie then made a speech to us about the necessity of discipline and don Telegroph.

the awful crime of mutiny. At night | SABBATH-DAY READING. funeral services were read by the light of the battle lanterns, and the bodies were put on the 'tilting-board' and dropped overboard into the sea. It was a solemn scene, I assure you, and it made an impression on my youthful -At the beginning of the century mind that can never be eradicated."-

> THE TRUE BELIEVER. Why the Mahdi's Fanatical Followers Are

So Reckless in Battle.

The Mahdi's recent proclamation to his followers was an unique production. Perhaps he could not better encourage ing of Swedenborg Society, held on the sinking spirits of men encamped June 16th, it was announced that with but scanty shelter, and a still more scanty commissar at, out upon the burning, eye-scorching deserts of the Soudan, overswept with duststorms, driven along by the fierce kamsin, the stifling harmattan, dry grain their food, alkaline water their drink. and dreary marching and wounds and death their only service. "That prophet ill-sustains h's holy call who finds not

heavens to suit the taste of all." And Mahomet and "Mohammed Achmed, his servant." it must be confessed, have found one very suitable, indeed, to the tastes of Arab folk. Their songs and their speech are filled with phrases significant of the yearning of these wild sons of a sterile land for the pleasures of green trees, sweet-smelling flowers and bubbling water. Religion offers them, these men of hard lives and stern work-as the one

supreme delight of the after world-

perpetual girlhood, will always be it. The fruit will bend down to their lips, the fountains of exquisite sherbets if they choose, need never, no, never, all through the cycles of immortality, stir an inch from the spot where angelic arms, carrying each from the battlefield, have lain him down on the perfumed sward under the tooba tree. No more camels to drive. No more infidels to shoot them. Peace and plenty, perpetual youth and sacred laziness The birds even, in the boughs, are only to sing in murmurous fashion. No earsplitting clamorous song will be heard there. The arboreal choir will all be beautiful n ghtingales, singing through veils, as it were, the softest whisperings of melody, that shall never be the same long enough for the listener to recognize a tune twice. The perfumes, in the same way, will glide imperceptibly from one fragrance to another, and each in turn will be new and exquisite. The sherbets will be nectareous blendings of all the hydromels, somas and meads that poets have devised for happy heroes in the "Cities of Rest" and 'Elysian Fields," and are to pass by subtle transmutations from rose to such fruits as saints have worked such as the champions of Christendom Master's garden, as heroes and godeven they are not to weary the eye by monotony. Sixty is the smallest allowance, the "half-rations," as it were, of a common, ordinary sort of true believer. In exceptional cases they are to be in number beyond counting, and at the wish of their possessor they will change their age, their features and

foliage overhead and gentle breezes, and, above all, utter and inviolable laziness. It is no wonder then that the Mahdi's soldiers, released from the drudgery of beasts of burden only to march and fight in the desperate Soudan, escaped a fanatic leader, should go to their deaths lightly. They believe, with a "We sailed from New York on the stern faith, every iota of the promises of 13th of September, 1842, for the coast future pleasures held out to them, and of Africa, but first began cruising in on that belief gladly stake the wretchthe West Indies. In the latter part of edness of their life and risk the brief November, before we reached St. agony of death on the battlefield. "Faith, frenzied faith, once wedded Thomas, Midshipman Spencer, who was the son of the Secretary of War, bugs it to the last," and those who were in the Soudan bore ample testimony to the amazing, bewildering recklessness and disregard of pain with which these soldiers of the Mahdi came

their voice. It is not enough that they

shall each be perfect in her own way.

charging on to their fate. The truth is, they looked beyond the flash of rifles and the low rolling smoke of the cannon, dull masses of men in gray, and camels in tumultuous motion. But further off and visible only Here, close at hand, were the furious roar of the artillery, the pitiless fusil-lade, the fierce clamor of men giving and receiving death; but, above it all, the ears of the true believer, quickened by his mortal wound, caught the sweet liftings of heaven's singing birds, the murmur of the breeze in the leaves, the babblings of the fountains of Zem-zem. the whispered caresses of those hidden

So they came on in a rush all tosingly, to meet the death "which leads ing. What if they fell? It was an infidel's hand that laid them low. Their end was achieved. Or, if they reached the unbeliever's line, and drove their

he, Cromwell, had, noth ng to do with the plot. "Call all hands to witness execution," sa d the First Lieutenant. possession of paradise. Mohammed themselves on the quarter-deck and at himself never failed to employ it to other points, while the officers of the the utmost, and his successors, on ship stood around with drawn and many a field of victory, have proved "What class of boarders have you?" he sharpened swords to cut down any one its potency. The Moslem sees his reasked of the landlady while looking at the who faltered in inflicting the awful ward actually within his arm's length. penalty. When everything was ready He has only to strike and it is his. If Spencer and his companions were al- he kills-or is killed-he is assured of Spencer and his companions were allowed to bid their friends good-by. Then Captain Mackenzie gave the signal, a gun was fired, the colors were hoisted, and at the same time the three men, with caps over their faces, were swung out on the main yardarm. It was a hornble sight to look at. All of the men are, after all, but dull processes. Their language, their philosophy prove that they feel this as a precious provision, but are ready the men died game. Commander the kills—or is killed—he is assured to the prophet's favor, and if he dies kills—or is killed—he is assured to the prophet's favor, and if he dies kills—or is killed—he is assured to the son complained that his hand was almost shaken off and his hair shorn off for mementoes by people who gave nothing and cared nothing for foreign missions.—Religious Herald.

The aching he kills—or is killed—he is assured to the colors were such men are, after all, but dull processes. Their language, their philosophy prove that they feel this as a precious provision, but are ready the way as a precious provision, but are ready the colors were such men are, after all, but dull processes. Their language, their philosophy prove that they feel this as a precious provision, but are ready the colors were such men are, after all, but dull processes. Their language, their philosophy prove that they feel this as a precious provision, but are ready to the colors were such men are after all, but dull processes. Their language, their philosophy prove that they feel this as a precious provision, but are ready to the colors were such men are after all, but dull processes. Their language, their philosophy prove that they feel this as a precious provision, but are ready to the colors were such men are after all, but dull processes. The lives of the col

THY WAY.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God! Although I beg my own; Heed not the body's noisy cry, But the soul's undertone.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God! This is my spirit's choice,
Though stubborn greed of present good
Drowns all with deafening voice.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!
Nor let me dread the proof
Thine unguessed way may put me to
For some divine behoof.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!
Until my life attest
That just the will to do Thy will
Is, of all gifts, the best. Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!
And, O my soul, take care
To have thy daily attitude
In keeping with thy prayer!
-Charlotte F. Bates, in Congregationalist.

HAPPINESS IN THE HOME.

Be Retained-Christian Love and Principle the Best and Most Enduring Founda-

Usually, if we have a precious possession we do not hold it lightly. It is a vase, a gem, a picture, a flower; it cost labor and trouble, care and expense to bring it to the adornment of our homes, and we are conscious of its value, and solicitous that it shall neither be marred nor mislaid. It is the tangible evidence of a part of our wealth, and we show how much we prize it by our tenderness in its handling, by the protection we bestow upon it, and the manner in which we display it to our friends.

There is an intangible and precious thing which may be a part of our per-sonal wealth, but which is held by a tenure more subtle and less easy of definition than that by which we own the material possessions. I refer to our home happiness. Every household should be happy. Where, instead of being positively so, the home is only the abode of an indifferent tranquility, not to say stagnation, or, still worse, where It is the scene of asperity, friction and petty strife, something is very wrong. Even in the Christian household it is well not to take too much for granted. There are husbands and wives who are loyal to each other's slightest interests, who make daily sacrifices for each other's benefit, and who still have so fallen out of the habit of sweet, loverlike demonstration, of daily petting and caressing, of tender compliment, that they would blush and grow embarrassed should they happen to indulge in what ought to be the every-day fashion and coin of their lives. Is there anything much sadder than to observe neglect, if not rudeness, in the manner of a husband to the wife who has been his life's partner for half that life, or to hear that acerbity of the tones, and see coldness in the looks of a wife, who should know her good man too well to put his love and temper to so trying a

Our babies get their full share of kisses and petting, bless their dear little faces and helpless hands and feet. An infant's utter helplessness gives it a claim on every heart. But many a growing lad and lass, quite beyond the prettily interesting season of infancy, arrived at the awkward age of betwixt and between, when impulse is eager, and experience is slight, and youthful confidence is overbold, and temptations throng, would be better for more of love's expression in the home. We can

not err in being too affectionate. If love be made a daily ministrant to any one in this world, it should be so to the aged pilgrim, whose way has grown lonely, whose life has taken on the neutral tints of sober eve, and to whom, by reason of infirmity, the grasshopper is a burden. Even if old age be querulous and exacting, as sometimes it is, youth and strength

should be patient and gentle. The happiness of home is conserved by perfect openness as to the style of living which may be maintained therein. A home which is managed in a style which, though not extravagant, is a drain upon the family income, which keeps somebody wakeful at night, which it is a terrible strain to maintain honestly, is managed in a mistaken way. Better narrow quarters and plain furnishing than ample space and everlasting wrong. Better the simplest viands on the table than the menace of a bill at the butcher's and the fact of an increasing account with the grocer, and no money to pay it with. Better the dress of calico than the silken gown, if silk crowd out mental comfort and weave itself into

wrinkles on the brow. Home happiness is often imperiled by incessant fault-finding. A chronic fault-finder in the house is as pitiless as a hail-storm, and he or she blights the The truth is, they looked beyond the British squares at the green groves of parad se. The glitter of the grim bayonets before them was as nothing to the radiance of the great gates they could see opening for them. In front the only never satisfied, but who seem to think that duty demands that they shall wave and snap a whip over the heads of all with whom they come in contact. noised around decks that he had formed to the eyes of those on-rushing fanatics If any of us perceive in ourselves the faint beginnings of a fault-finding dis-position, we should fight against and

repress it with all our strength. Home happiness is enlarged when the home is not too self-centered. Nothing is more directly educational to children than frequent presence of honored and beloved guests, who bring with them a pleasant breeze from the outer world and break the usual routine by introducing new topies and inviting excur-sions into new fields of thought. The amenities of life, which should not be overlooked or slighted when the family is by itself, are seldom forgotten when there is company under the roof, and politeness—even ceremonious polite-ness—is a social lubricator.

The best, most enduring home happiness is founded upon Christian love and principle, and that is the sweetest earthly habitation in which Jesus is owned and peace rules. - Margaret E. Sangster, in Interior.

The Test.

The true test of Christian zeal is not our feelings of the annual protracted meeting, when revival power is upon pastor and people. A little later on. when the ebb-tide has set in and you are called upon to say what you are willing to give and do for the spread of the Gospel, then comes the test. The zeal that flashes forth and then dies away, leaving us no more devoted t before, is not worth much. Dr. Jud-

-The aching head may cease to throb when laid upon that softest pillow for human pain-"God knows!"